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VOLUME 1...NUMBER 4



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“... how many did Peter Piper Pick?”



He picked a peck of perfect pin-ups (and not a pickle in the lot!) for issue number four of PEPPER — there's Popular Jackie Miller, Provocative Jean Carmen, Playful Shirley Skates, Perfectionist Kay Williams, Piquant Shirley Richfield, and Pulchritudinous Helene West. Readers are in for a Pip of a time with these Pages of Pepper!



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"MADE IN PARADISE"

*...After all,
she'd made
up her mind
to become
a new
woman.
This was
as good a
time as any
to get
started...*

Audrey Chandler stepped out of the bank's revolving door and blinked in the glaring sunlight. It was only May, but the little Alabama town was as hot as if it were mid-summer.

She clutched her purse tightly and started down the unshaded street. It wouldn't do to lose her purse. She'd just withdrawn all her savings. If anything happened to them she'd be penniless.

The clock on the corner said three o'clock. Nearly two hours to kill until she could board the plane to New York. She stopped in front of a cafe and peered through the glass. The place was almost empty except for a couple of truck drivers sitting at the counter.

A cool beer would surely taste good right now. But the high school students would be getting out soon. What if one of them saw her? Then she laughed to herself. It didn't matter anymore what anyone in this hick town said about her. In just two hours she'd be leaving, for good!

She could thumb her nose at her former students. She'd handed in her resignation to the school board this morning. Resolutely, she pushed open the cafe door and went inside. It wasn't much of a place, mainly the hang-out of truck drivers and day laborers. But at least it was air-conditioned.

She slid into a booth. The waitress shuffled over. "Wanna menu?" she asked.

"Just a beer, please. No, wait," Audrey hesitated. "Do you serve liquor?"

"Yes'm."

"Then bring me a — a rum and coke." She'd never ordered a drink before and wasn't too sure how to do it. But she might as well plunge in and try. After all, she'd made up her mind to become a new woman. This was as good a time as any to get started.

She stared at herself in the mirrored wall beside the booth. Her flaxen blonde hair was pulled back tightly into a bun at the nape of her neck. Her features were even, and she had nice wide-set blue eyes. But her face certainly wasn't the kind she wished she had.

Some make-up and some new clothes would probably help, but she wasn't sure how to go about it. One course they didn't offer at the state teacher's college was "How to Make Yourself Look Glamorous." In fact, they seemed to think high school English teachers should look as drab and uninteresting as possible. They approved highly of the kind of clothes she wore. The plain shirt-waist dresses and the "sensible" flat heeled shoes.

The waitress set her drink on the table. She took a cautious sip. Why, it tasted almost like coke. Thirstily, she drank it down and ordered another.

"Excuse me, ma'am," the waitress said, "these drinks are pretty strong. Just thought I'd better warn you."

"I know what you mean," Audrey giggled tipsily. "I can feel the effects already. But I'll just finish this one." She paid the check and stumbled out of the booth.

by Leda Crane



On the hot sidewalk again, Audrey wondered what she could do until plane time. She'd checked out of her rooming-house this morning. Couldn't go back there. And there wasn't time for a movie. She strolled down Main Street, glancing in the shop windows.

Around a corner, a shop she'd never seen before caught her eye. "Hosiery — Dance Wear" the sign said. Funny she'd never noticed the place before. After two years in this whistle-stop she thought she knew every nook and cranny of it.

Curious, she went over and looked in the window. It was crammed full of mesh hose, G-strings, strippers' bras, and rows of ridiculously brief ruffled panties. It was the kind of cheap little shop that caters to men who are looking for something "sexy" for the girl friend.

Still feeling a little giddy from the drinks, Audrey chuckled softly. Such a store was almost unheard of in a tight-laced little town like this one. It would be fun to wear some of those panties or hose, even if no one could see them.

Well, why not? It was as good a way as any to start her personal rehabilitation program.

Feeling gay and a little naughty, she gathered up her nerve and went inside. A bell tinkled over the door as she closed it and a small, unobtrusive looking man emerged from somewhere in the rear of the store.

There was a slight oriental cast to his features. A pair of old-fashioned silver rimmed spectacles were perched on his nose. If he was surprised to have a female customer, he didn't show it.

"May I help you, Miss?" he inquired politely.

"Well, I — I'm not sure just what I want," Audrey stammered. "Something frilly and, well, feminine."

"For yourself, Miss?" The little man looked at her with a glance that was respectful but at the same time critical.

Suddenly, Audrey felt drah and uninteresting. Nervously, she tucked a stray wisp of hair into the bun at her neck. "I know I don't look the type for those sexy things," she blurted. "But I'm moving to New York. Set of starting a new life. And, well, I just wanted to splurge a little, for a change!"

The proprietor raised one hand. "Say no more, Miss. Now I understand perfectly." His voice was low and sympathetic. "Tell me your size and I'll show you lingerie that would make the Maharajah's wife herself turn green with envy!"

"Oh, come now. I'm sure you don't have anything *that* elaborate," Audrey laughed. "Not if the samples in your window are any indication."

"Ah, but wait," the little man interrupted. "My finest items do not go into the window. They are reserved for special customers, such as yourself."

He came out from behind the counter and locked the front door of the shop. Turning to Audrey, he said, "Come. I'll show you my Paradise Room."

A chill ran down Audrey's spine. The inside of the shop was small and dusty. Very little light filtered through the grimy windows. The proprietor had an odd expression. In spite of his slight build, he seemed possessed of some inner strength.

"I — I don't think I want to see it," Audrey faltered.

"Please, Miss, don't be alarmed,"

the little man pleaded. "I locked the door because I don't want anyone to wander in while I'm not out here in front. But, I promise to do you no harm."

"Well, all right. I'll take a look. But I'm not prepared to spend a lot of money." Curiosity overcame Audrey's misgivings and she followed him to the back of the store. He unlocked a door and they stepped into a dimly lit little hall.

The floor was thickly carpeted and the air was fragrant with the pungent odor of incense. The proprietor guided her down the narrow corridor and Audrey felt as if she had stepped into another world. It was hard to believe that just outside was an ordinary sleepy little Alabama town.

At the end of the hall he pulled aside a beaded curtain and ushered her into a room that came right out of a Sultan's harem. Persian tapestries and gilded mirrors covered the walls. Low divans and tables of intricately carved teak were the only furnishings.

The shop owner seated her on one of the couches. He clapped his hands and a woman appeared. She was wearing a Moorish costume complete with a veil which covered the lower part of her face. Her breasts were barely covered by a sleeveless bolero jacket of gold sequins. Around her full hips and long legs swirled chiffon pants which were caught at the ankle by wide gold bands.

On her feet were the strangest shoes Audrey had ever seen. They were clogs with platform soles at least six inches high. They were secured to her bare feet by one golden peg which fit between her first and second toe. The peg was topped with

(continued on page 37)



*Pepper's
Perfect Pin-Up...*



Jackie Miller: Dream Girl of Millions

If it were possible to compile statistics on the number of "pin-up" photos sold throughout the USA, it's a sure thing that Jackie Miller would come out the winner. Judging from the re-orders the photographers describe, men all over the country can't get enough of her exciting pictures. About a year ago, Jackie was ill and stopped posing, temporarily. The mails were deluged with clamors of "we want Jackie!" Now she's back at work again but the demand is still bigger than the supply. So, without filling up space with additional words, here are three more pages of the luscious Jackie.







FOUND: AN ISLAND WHERE AMAZONS STILL RULE!

-by-

CARLSON WADE

Two young men, their sun-baked bodies still bearing evidence of punishment under a cruel lash, were found in a state of exhaustion after having made their way across the treacherous reefs surrounding the jungle-like country of Brazil—the two men had fashioned a crude raft which floated across the turbulent shark-infested waters near British Guiana (site of the infamous Devil's Island prison), across the wild Amazon River and braved the bleaching daytime heat and freezing night cold upon the open ocean, to tell a story that has amazed the world ever since.

These youths, in a half-hysterical, near-exhaustion state, babbled incoherently about "female rulers" and "men turned into their slaves . . ." Reporters said in the *Orinoco Times*, a leading South American paper, that the two men were students from Sao Paulo, and made a boat trip along the Amazon during a vacation. They sought adventure—and found it in a bizarre island where women still rule as they did in the legendary isles of Lesbos, in ancient Greece, as Amazonians. The *Orinoco Times* said the following:

"Two Sao Paulo students were brought into a local hospital, suffering from exposure and shock. They told of having sailed along the unexplored regions of the Amazon River when a crudely made sailing vessel suddenly appeared and forced

them ashore. From this vessel a horde of hugely built women descended, bearing spears, the triton (a 3-pronged spear), chains, nets and metal tipped whips. Thusly armed, the women compelled the frightened captives to march deep into the primitive jungles. The youths marched for hours until they suddenly came upon a vast clearing—a surprisingly self-sufficient village—composed exclusively of women.

"All the women were garbed in knee-high leather boots, leather breach-clouts, brass-tipped brassieres, their long flowing hair often in thick braids which hung loosely down their backs. They are reported to be a fearsome lot who enslave all male captives, compelling them to serve as humble servants; a special compound is reserved for the young and virile male slaves who are forced to perform much as maidens would in a harem!

"Furthermore, the male slaves were kept servile under the taste of the lash; insurrections were put down by erecting a flogging post where rowdy males were secured and, in full view of all women, given punishment of an excruciating nature by women disciplinarians."

The two young men hovered between life and death for many days but the ravages of over-exposure, malnutrition, took their toll and they died. But they left a tale that has

continued to astonish modern researchers—a tale that is now confirmed as being true. There does exist an island where Amazon women still rule.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his *Lost World* also pinpointed the same location by describing the eastern part of South America, between the Amazon and the Orinoco rivers, where there are several ranges of curious, flat-topped mountains which rise dramatically from the steamy jungles below. Auyan-Tepui, Roraima, Pacaraima and Paraima are some of the names by which these little-known peaks which stretch along the frontiers of Brazil, Venezuela and British Guiana are known. Several Indian tribes who live in the jungle and also tell of kidnappings and escapes from an all-female island, refer to this area as the Gran Sabana, or the "great high forest plains."

Native tribes who live nearby and have experienced such captures, talk uneasily about the women who enslave men. The tribes are known as the Macusi, the Djukas, the Bat People—they regard the steep-walled mountain heights as places of dread, places to be avoided. Regularly, they have reported "slave raids" being made upon tiny villages. Swarms of magnificent, full-busted women come riding down these mountains, armed

(continued on page 40)



FOR MEN ONLY!



*An inside peek at that old
American custom, the stag party.*



Once a week the members of the Fourth Estate in Los Angeles break one of their most cherished rules—"Freedom of the Press" — and bar lady reporters from their meeting. But it's doubtful that the girls would want to attend anyhow, because on these evenings the male reporters "tie one on" with a rip-roaring stag party.



Calling themselves the "He-Man Press Club," the boys treat themselves to close-up performances by top headliners of the entertainment world.





Recently, the Press Corps was given a "beer bust" by Budweiser, and got a preview of a new burlesque show called "Strip City." Wearing bowler hats and fake mustaches, the club members got an eye-filling, close-up look at four strippers: Heleri Rene, Mikeyle, Sherry Gale, and voluptuous Donna "Anatomy" Brown.





By the end of the evening, at least one reporter had "chug - a - lugged" himself under the table. Or, maybe he was just trying to get a better view of all that bare flesh!



"ACCIDENTAL!" NOW, WHAT DID YOU DO FOR AN ENGINEER?

VAMPIRISM—STRANGE EROTIC IMPULSES

—1926

Vampires — the mere mention of the word is enough to send chills up and down your spine. These half-human blood-drinking creatures terrify their victims into a state of complete helplessness. Vampires are more than a legend. Vampires have a peculiar sadomasochistic nature which creates a weird influence upon the erotic impulses of the least suspected. Vampires and vampirism have always been a popular subject for films — which is humour in a jocular vein — but they are far more dangerous than we dare to admit. The practice of vampirism is a form of erotic behaviour which is present in many so-called normal persons!

-by-
CARLSON WADE



A strict definition of a vampire is "a fabulous ghostly being that sucks the blood of the living while they sleep. The vampire may be either a man or woman who preys upon persons of the opposite sex."

The distinct sado-masochistic relationship between vampirism and the erotic impulse is described by Benjamin Karpman, M.D. in *The Sexual Offender*: "Daily life abounds in sadistic reactions which usually escape notice; cannibalism, vampirism and necrophilia are more extreme reactions and are essentially sadistic. Such crimes are not so rare as is usually thought; the phantasies of many vampiric sadists are horrible, but usually an unbridgeable chasm yawns between phantasy and reality."

Albert Moll, M.D., writing in *Perversions of the Sex Instinct*, also calls attention to the observation that vampirism is an erotic impulse in which individuals, both male and female, have a sadistic compulsion to drink the blood of their victims. Dr. Moll refers to vampirism as a "phenomenon often attributed to sadism!"

Havelock Ellis in *Psychology of Sex* is credited with being one of the earliest modern psychologists to point out that an individual who bites with malefic intent is harboring vampiric

sado-masochistic impulses. Dr. Ellis draws attention to the fact that the legend of the *werewolf* — in which a person (usually a man) is transformed into a wolf with bloodthirsty impulses — is comparable to the legend of the vampire. The difference being that the vampire is more casual, more normal in outward appearances while the werewolf becomes transformed partially into an animal and possesses the bestial instincts of an animal.

Says Dr. Ellis, "Related to the werewolf, but distinct, was the vampire, supposed to be a dead person who rose from the dead to suck the blood of the living during sleep. By reprisal the living dug up, exorcised, and mutilated the supposed vampires. This was called vampirism. The name vampire was then transferred to the living person who had so treated a corpse. All profanation of the corpse, whatever its origin, is now frequently called vampirism."

"... The earliest definite reference to vampirism is in Herodotus who tells (Book II, Chapter LXXXIX) of an Egyptian who violated a woman who became dead . . . A careful and elaborate study of a completely developed vampiric sadist has been furnished . . . Reidal, a youth of 18, from the age of 4, had voluptuous ideas connected with blood and killing, and liked to play at killing other children. The love of blood (via vampirism) and murder was an irresistible obsession and its gratification produced immense emotional relief."

Robert Eisler, author of *Man Into Wolf* treats the subject of sado-masochistic vampirism at great length. He describes one captured vampire (so to speak) called John G. Haigh who "confessed to having murdered nine people, including three strangers entirely unknown to him, by decoying them into a basement or store-room used by him for his work, shooting or clubbing them from behind. In every case he opened the jugular vein at the neck with a pen-knife, 'tapped' a glassful of the hot blood and drank it,

then dissolved the bodies in sulphuric acid and disposed of their property for his own gain."

When this lecherous vampire was apprehended, he sought safety by declaring that he was inspired by a text in the Bible — namely, John 7:38 which reads, "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." This is a peculiar inspiration but we are dealing with peculiar people.

This case, reported in full in the *Times* (7:20 '49) tells how this vampire had a strange "dream." According to the dream, the accused vampire went out into a forest of crucifixes which turned gradually into trees with branches at right angles dripping with dew or rain. As he got near, he saw it was blood dripping from the trees. One of the trees gradually assumed the shape of a man who held a bowl and collected blood from one of the trees. This tree got paler, and he himself felt that he was losing strength. Then the man, when the bowl was full, approached and invited this potential vampire to drink it! At first he was unable to reach the man, who receded, and the dream ended. But this dream repeated itself six or seven nights in succession. After that, the killings occurred and after one or two of these, he dreamt again. This time, the man did not recede from John G. Haigh and the latter was able to drink the blood!

Other examples of vampirism, associated with trees (long regarded as symbols for human beings) appear in classical literature. Ovid's 8th *Metamorphosis* clearly states:

"When the impious hand made a wound in its trunk, blood flowed from the broken bark."

Vergil's *Aenid* (III 26 ff.) also points out: "An awful portent, wonderful to tell. For from the first tree, which is torn from the ground with broken roots, drops of black blood trickle and stain the earth with gore . . . these trees have grown up out of the unquiet grave of Polydorus, the bleeding tree who says with a piteous groan:

I am Polydorus. Here an iron harvest of spears covered my body, grew up into sharp javelins."

The symbolism of using trees for human beings has also been attributed to a scene in Schiller's *William Tell* (III,3):

"Father, is it true that on that mountain yonder, the trees would bleed, if one did cut them with an axe's blade?"

According to the confession made by John G. Haigh, only after his killings and the vampirist blood-drinkings did the "man not recede from him and he was able to drink the blood of salvation" and recaptured firm faith in eternal life."

A vivid understanding of vampirism appears in an astonishing book entitled *Doctors Wear Scarlet* by Simon Raven. The book tells of a few scientists who journey to forbidden isles of Hydra and Crete of Greece to discover that *vampires do exist!* In seeking an explanation of this strange form of behaviour, they visit Dr. Erik Holmstrom who offers this very lucid explanation:

"It postulates a taste in a living human being for sucking the blood of other human beings . . . there is a connection with the magical notion that by possessing yourself of any living part of another person or animal you increase your own power both over the creature concerned and in nature generally. Nail parings, hair . . . but what could be more significant, what could possibly increase your power so much, as actually drinking human blood? In any case, there it is: a living person has this taste, and he indulges in it at the expense of his fellow man. But now we come to one of the most terrifying and also most misleading aspects of the whole affair; for according to the superstition, anyone who is used by a vampire becomes infected with the taste himself. And even worse. He may die from loss of blood, he may, for whatever reason, survive; but in either case he himself has now become a

(continued on page 44)





*What
Are
Big
Girls
Made
Of?*



*... and ...
Everything nice ...*

Not that the beautiful and talented Jean Carmen is big (except in the right places!) but no one could be more appropriate as the featured model of PEPPER. The word implies a certain racy, spicy quality which Jean personifies — with a dash of sweetness all her own.



A resident of Los Angeles, Jean is a serious dramatic actress, has appeared in a number of popular TV series, and has had small parts in two motion pictures. Except for golfing, Miss Carmen is definitely not the athletic type, although she is very fond of "spectator sports."







When her thoughts turn to men, Jean prefers the creative type—directors, actors, those who share her interest in show biz. She's not serious about anyone at the moment, but hopes to settle down someday in married bliss and have twins! "Because," she explains, "two are always more fun than one." Twins run in her family, but there is only one Jean Carmen.







New West Coast Fad



Dancing the "Twist" is old hat and now the latest craze that's sweeping Hollywood and its environs is Tree-climbing. The only equipment needed for the sport is a strong pair of arms and legs, a good sense of balance — and, of course, a tree. On the following pages, pretty model Shirley Skates gives a demonstration that may make you want to go swinging from a few branches, yourself!



Purists insist that the Climber must be nude to achieve full esthetic pleasure of the tree. But Shirley says she would rather forego that thrill than risk scratching her lovely legs on all that rough bark . . .



The art of Tree-climbing is an ancient one, and small boys have been doing it since time immemorial. It was a favorite pastime of the cult of Sappho on the Isle of Lesbos, and some scholars even claim that Eve had to scale the Tree of Knowledge to get that Apple! Oh well, it's sooner than pontie-raids, and healthier than piling into phone booths!



This is the way Shirley Skotes looks when she isn't involved in orboreal pursuits.

blur. The strange dizziness she had had earlier returned. Losing her balance, she slumped to the floor in an unconscious heap.

When Audrey opened her eyes again she was comfortably ensconced in an aisle seat of a jet liner. Dazed, she rubbed her throbbing temples.

"Did you have a nice nap?" It was a handsome young man in the seat next to her. Audrey stared at him blankly.

"Excuse me if I seem forward," he said. "When your father brought you on board he asked me to keep an eye on you. And believe me, it's been a pleasant duty."

"My father? What happened?"

"Wow! You really did tie one on, didn't you? The man who helped you get on the plane said you were his daughter, moving to New York, and that the 'Bon Voyage' party had been a little too much for you." He smiled and pressed a button overhead for the stewardess. "I'll get you some aspirin. But you've got a smashing headache."

Audrey nodded. "Yes, it is pretty awful. But, tell me please, what did that man look like?"

"Oh, just an ordinary looking fellow. Short, wore silver-rimmed glasses. Very nice, but I'll bet you look more like your mother."

Audrey leaned back and closed her eyes. That must have been Jawahl. But the past two hours couldn't really have happened. If he told any one, even the sympathetic young man next to her, they'd think she was crazy. Probably what really happened was that those drinks she'd had in the cafe earlier had knocked her out, and some kindly old man had helped her get to the plane.

Yes, that would be a logical ex-

planation. Surely no such fantastic place as a 'Paradise Room' existed. Audrey crossed her legs and they made a swishing sound. The sound of silk rubbing against silk. Her eyes popped open. She sat up straight and looked at her legs.

She was wearing gossamer sheer black silk hose and on her feet were black patent pumps with six inch heels! She ran her fingers over one smooth calf.

"Hope you didn't get a run in those beautiful stockings," her companion commented. "By the way, your father left this box. Said it was some clothing you bought just before plane time."

Bewildered, Audrey took the package from him and laid it on her lap. For the first time she noticed that she was wearing a richly brocaded black sheath dress. No, no, it couldn't be true. There was no secret back room in a shoddy little Alabama store. It was all a dream.

"Here's your aspirin," the young man beside her interrupted her reverie.

"Thank you," she murmured. "You're very kind."

He smiled. "It's easy with someone as lovely as you. Tell me, I'm curious — where in the world did you get such gorgeous hose and shoes? I didn't know they had such things in Alabama."

Audrey lowered her eyes. In one corner of the box on her lap was a small monogram. The graceful intertwined letters were "P. R."

"No, I didn't get them in Alabama," she told him. "They were made in Paradise!"

THE END



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FOUND: AN ISLAND WHERE AMAZONS STILL RULE!



(continued from page 12)

with nets, ropes and chains. They seize the most virile, strong looking young men, bind them securely and toss them across their horses and speed off. They reportedly go down the other side of the mountain where waiting sailing vessels take them to a close-by island. Here, men are turned into helpless slaves, made chattels of the female Amazons. A slave block is erected where these male studs are placed for sale to the highest bidder. Often, they are compelled to remain with one prospective female slave-master after another until they locate a suitable buyer who is satisfied with their services. Escapees are reluctant to talk of their experiences for fear of "evil spirits" still hovering above their heads. But they report of arenas being erected on this island where the huskiest of male slaves are pitted against magnificent specimens of womanhood—as a test of the supreme power of female over male.

They describe how the sport is enhanced when the Amazonian women are usually naked, armed only with a net, while their male opponents are given spears, tridents, short hatchets, flaming tar-dipped branches; the males wear shiny armor shields and breastplates. But these weapons are quickly rendered useless and the helpless males soon find themselves flung to the dusty ground, their female victors plant a foot squarely upon their chests, oblivious to their squirmings, their pleas for mercy—often, the female victors stab their slaves to death as an offering to the "great female spirit" or "god" who demands an



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offering so as to be appeased.

In describing this nameless Amazonian isle, one paper gives a lush description:

"In front, half hidden in clouds, was a cold incredibly massive protrusion of rocks extending from the level on which we stood directly and perpendicularly upwards for a towering two thousand feet—a fortress wall several miles long and half a mile high, brutal, devoid of vegetation, gigantic, inhospitable.

"That is the picture of Mount Roraima, the Lost World, the Mother of Rivers, standing as a grim sentinel to guard its secrets of a million years and to trisect the waters of a continent. The sight we were beholding was one shared by only a handful of men."

Several tribespeople of the Djukus also report that the women on the island have a magnificent Queen who is known for her cruelty, directed towards men whom she obviously hates—and perhaps, fears as a possible usurper of her all-female kingdom. The Queen maintains a torture chamber in which racks are used to stretch pleading men, where razor-sharp knives are used for horrible purposes, where the whip is used to break the will of stubborn men. One escapee who dressed himself as a female in a desperate attempt to fool the guards, tells how he, himself, was made a slave of humility; he had to swear obedience to the female master by kissing her gold-tipped leather boot. Refusing, he was compelled to face a notorious female gladiator in a vast arena; spectators were jeering female slave-owners who thirsted to see a male made humble and a meek animal-like victim. Here is a description of this female master vs. the male slave,

as reported in the *Georgetown* (British Guiana) *Express*—the actual experience is related by an explorer who managed to escape during a slight uprising:

Because I was young and obstinate, they forced me into the arena as a test of my courage vs. that of a female gladiator. My only covering was a pair of leather boots; it was an embarrassingly shameful exposure but added to the distress was my weapon which consisted of a short hatchet. My female opponent was magnificently (and I'll admit it frankly) clad in a leather girdle, a fur blouse and thick leather helmet which hid some of her golden hair. She was truly a marvelous Golden Goddess who was determined to make me her slave. She wore leather straps over her knuckles which were studded with lead-like brass knuckles. These devices were called "caestus" and often were covered with sharp nails.

"The female put on the raw ox-hide straps covered with lumps of lead. When she saw me, she laughed derisively and declared, "You shall crawl beneath my feet, you male slave!" Then there was a signal and the battle for my life, my manhood, began. The Golden Goddess lifted her arms, swan-like but deadly as thunderbolts.

"We sparred, just touching one another. Then she moved toward me, making a jab for my pelvis. I made a false blow—she suddenly lifted a short lead-tipped whip and slashed me across the chest. The crowd roared its approval. She parried, ducked, leaned back and bent her head forward to avoid the swings of my hatchet. She turned the blows with the "caestus", often slashing me across the shoulders, the face, nearly

flooding me. Suddenly, she fainted right, then left—distracting me. She slashed down on my forehead. Blood obscured my vision. I felt a roaring in my ears.

"The crowd yelled. I gasped for air, stopping to wipe off the sweat but felt the blood. Now my Amazonian Queen came in for the killing blow. She slashed back and forth, knocking me down in the dust. Now she held me captive and started flailing with both fists. The crowd roared and a ruler announced, 'Let the male slave live. He has been made humble.'

"More dead than alive, I was dragged out of the arena and carefully nursed back to health. For weeks afterward, I was compelled to endure such humiliation as a male slave that words cannot describe the suffering. Only when a brief uprising distracted attention was I able to sneak out through a hole of my slave-compound and naked, exhausted, exposed to the elements of the raw jungle, made my way to the nearest jungle tribe—300 miles away, having crossed the river in a rickety canoe."

Thus ends a strange story—strange, but true!

Why has this Amazonian Island survived so many dozens of centuries? It is very inaccessible. Listen to a description of this "lost world" as given by Gordon Cooper in *Forbidden Lands*:

"The little expedition (which decided to find this lost race of female slave masters) was confronted at every turn by those dangers and difficulties peculiar to jungle travel. A solid tangle of trees of a dozen different varieties blocked their path, their green-topped columns entwined

(continued on next page)



vampire and as such will continue to roam the earth in search of human prey even after he has died his human death and regardless of how soon or late this may occur."

Legends regarding the powers of the vampire are varied. Some reports state that he has freedom to wander and seek victims only between sunset and sunrise. Others say he is able to survive at all times but he must avoid the sunlight as far as possible; if he is exposed to daytime, his powers are gone. According to the above-mentioned book, "Most forms of the legend maintain that vampires can induce hypnosis in their intended victims. Some versions say that after dark — whether or not he must spend the day in the tomb — the vampire can transform himself into a bat or a wolf at will — or can even change himself into a kind of thin mist, thus facilitating entrance into places where he is, for excellent reasons, unwelcome."

The important fact with regards to vampirism is that any man who has given blood to a vampire will, in turn, become a vampire himself. Human blood nourishes the vampire — he dies without it! The vampire dislikes sunlight, garlic, onions, salt water and the holy cross.

Just how can a vampire be destroyed, according to such legends? The creature must be discovered when he is inert and powerless, usually between sunrise and sunset — or, by holding a

crucifix straight in front of his eyes. Then, a sharpened stake must be driven through his heart. Furthermore, when this is done, all victims are released from the spell.

What are the erotic impulses of vampires? According to the informant, Dr. Erik Holmstrom as quoted in *Doctors Wear Scarlet*:

"The vampire is, in fact, a living human being with a peculiar type of sado-sexual perversion. The sexual element is quite obvious . . . nor is it difficult to see that vampiric intimacy in a quiet way has a deeply sadistic tinge to it. It follows, of course, that the victims of vampires tend to be of a masochistic type—and like most masochists, capable of assuming a sadistic role in their turn. You should also be reminded that sadistic practices — and among them this one — are liable to have a strong appeal for impotent males or frigid females . . .

"We have seen that a victim is likely to have the masochistic tendencies which his passive role requires of him, and we have remarked, as a matter of medical common-place, that masochists are often apt to reverse the coin, as it were, and wield the whip themselves. Now, suppose you had someone who had been used by a vampire and subsequently felt the need to express himself sadistically. The chances that his sadism will take a vampiric form are clearly increased a thousandfold by the mere fact that he now knows about vampiric methods. This is a very simple proposition, and applies *mutatis mutandis*, to the most elementary forms of sexual behaviour.

" . . . It is not so much that a taste has been transmitted as that a technique has been taught — a technique which time and circumstance may well make a habitual pastime and even an all-governing urge. So with your vampiric initiate: opting, by way of a change, for a little sadistic satisfaction, he tries out the technique which has lately been practiced upon himself, and ends up as an addict . . . nor is his addiction in any way

lessened by the knowledge that what he does not only humiliates his victim but may even kill him, for he is seeking, among other things, to revenge himself on his kind for his own predicament and his own sufferings." This last-named observation, that of revenge, is another strong underlying motive behind the erotic impulse of sado-masochism, particularly that of sadism.

Vampirism is a legend, but it is apparent that much about the impulse of vampirism is part of human nature. Vampirism, mutilation of a victim and draining out his very life's blood, is a form of cruelty which is very shocking to comprehend.

Nevertheless, it is a strange erotic impulse which lies sleeping within many unsuspecting

individuals. The "true" vampire, if a person can so be called, is not to be confused with the superstitious legend. The true vampire cannot change his form, obviously. But the vampire — male or female — is one who becomes exhilarated when torturing a victim and actually biting the exposed flesh and draining out some drops of blood. Strange? Terrifying? Does it make you tremble? Does it send waves of peculiar emotions throughout your body? Do you hear things you ordinarily do not hear? Do you see and feel objects you ordinarily are incapable of seeing or feeling? And . . . do you feel transported into a strange, terrifying world?

Good! Now you know how a vampire feels!

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Among her many enthusiasms, Koy Williams also lists tennis, golf, French cooking, and the athletic, out-doorsy type of men.



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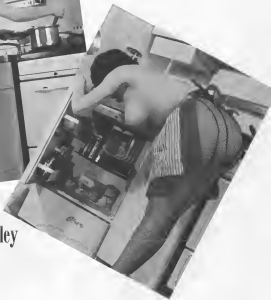
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